Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lo.)he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childiſh, fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lo. of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo. our lawfull king,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould inioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
Qu. Ma. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogither ioyleſſe.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In ſharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you depoſde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine do not turne awae.
Glo. Foule wrinckled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight
Q. Ma. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before [illegible] go:
A husband, and a ſonne thou owſt to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of your allegeance:
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe are mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers from his eies,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultleſſe bloud of prettie Rutland:

His

His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounſt againſt thee, are all fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloudy deede.
Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deede to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported
Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Qu. M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heuen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their Kingdoms loſſe, my wofull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your King,
As ours by murder, to make him a King.
Edward thy ſonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſonne, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Outliue thy glorie, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened inures of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene.
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou Lo: Haſtings, when my ſonne
Was ſtabd with bloudie daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered
Q. M. And leaue out thee ſtay dog, for thou ſhalt he